The Undergraduate.

VOL V. MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY, 1880. NO. 6.

MY STUDY CHAIR.

If the quaint old chair which has stood by my desk,
For nearly a score of years,
Could tell all my musings, both sad and gay,
My longings and hopes and fears,
What a tale it would tell of my youthful dreams,
And the later years of strife!
What sombre threads it would reveal,
In the tangled maze of life!

When the wild wind howls at my window pane,
And the midnight fire burns low,
New born desires and dying hopes,
Like spectres, come and go.
I beckon the fairies down from smoke,
Or back from a goblin start,
Then nestle back in the dear old chair,
And it soothes my restless heart.

Like a living thing it seems to me,
When the toil of the day is done,
And it stands like a mother, with loving arms,
Outstretched toward a wayward son.
It knows how often my hidden cares
Have found relief in tears;
It knows how the castles totter and fall,
Which a proud ambition rears.

It has found it's way to my intmost heart,
And wherever my footsteps tend,
I seem to long for its broad, old arms,
As one would long for a friend.
So, I hope, at last, when the Angel of Death
Shall come from the realms of light,
That my dear, old chair will hold me close,
'Till my spirit has taken its flight.

J. C. H.

APOLLO IN GREEK ART.

In a deep, illuminated niche of the belvidere of the Vatican—alone as though to give emphasis to its pre-eminence over all other master pieces in that refuge of insulted beauty, stands a statue which all moderns hold to be the climax of the efforts of the Greek mind in the endeavor to give life to its ideal of manly beauty. It is the figure of a lithe, but powerful man, radiant with youth. Entirely nude, except that a light tunic clasped at the right shoulder falls gracefully over the back and extended left arm, he is in the act of hastily advancing. The right arm rests against the stem of a tree; the left is outstretched as though holding some weapon of defence or offence. The head is turned to the left, firmly set upon the shoulders and crowned with a luxuriance of well ordered hair. The eye flashes with anger, the lip curls with scorn,and the whole figure is the embodiment of dramatic action and intense excitement. It is a *god* rejoicing in his might, justly triumphing over his enemies. It is the best loved divinity of the Greeks, the sun god of their mythology. It is the Apollo Belvidere.

Since Michael Angelo placed it in the room from which it takes its name, it has received the homage of the world; not now, as perchance in the sacred temple at Delphi it was worshipped by the Greeks as the worthy refuge of the oracular god, the far darter, the averter of evil and the scourge of the impious, but as the triumph of the human mind in its flight after the divine, as the final result of that Promethean spirit of man which cut the shackles of superstition and created a religion out of a chaos of myths. The sculptor of this famous marble is unknown. Whether it be an original or a copy is yet a question, though the evidence leans in favor of the latter theory. It was found among the ruins of the Imperial palace at ancient Antium at the close of the fifteenth century. Both hands were then missing, but were afterwards restored by some unskillful artist who added a bow to the outstretched left hand. Hence arose the name of Pythian Apollo by which it is widely known, because it was long supposed that the god was in the act of destroying the serpent Python, which infested the region of his temple at Crissa beneath Mt. Parnassus. Evidence discovered as recently as 1792, however, proves that the god

originally held the gorgon headed ægis lent him by Zeus and with which he routed the Achaean hosts on the plains of Troy. Visconti has asserted it to be a copy of a bronze Apollo executed by Calamis, one of the artists of the transition period immediately preceding that of Phideas, but the weight of authority declares it a copy of an original by some Peloponesian artist who erected it about 279 B. C. as a votive offering to Apollo for assistance rendered by him in the defeat of Gauls when under Brennus they threatened to ravage the temple at Delphi. But whether original or copy—from the hand of Calamis or Scopas or an unknown, it stands for us the Greek ideal of masculine beauty, as the Venus of the Louvre shall for all time be the type of a perfectly beautiful woman.

Among the earliest conceptions of Apollo is a life sized marble statue of a youth found in the Peloponesian city of Tenea and now preserved at Munich. It is the work of an artist of the sixth century B. C., and though it evidences study and skill, the art of the sculptor seems to have been hampered with the consciousness that he was carving a god and laboring under the superstitious desire to give a solemnity to the countenance. The result is a stiff, ungraceful figure with long arms hanging closely to the sides, a conventional smile, wide open staring eyes, clenched hands, hair curled behind the ears in a broad wig-like mass, a strongly marked nose and receding brow. Good enough to be worshipped, perhaps, but hardly to be admired.

An Apollo of about the same period is to be found at Berlin. It has the same awkward position of the arms, the same stiffness of attitude, vacant expression and wig-like hair. A lamb is borne upon the shoulders. This is the Apollo who herded for Admetus,and is to be worshipped lest the heat bake the earth and famine plunder the household.

About the beginning of the fifth century before Christ, Canachus executed a collossal bronze Apollo, a probable copy of which exists in the British Museum, in the shape of a bronze statuette. It was originally placed in the Didymean temple at Miletus and is far more graceful than those just mentioned. The god is represented as a nude figure standing calmly on a pedestal, one foot slightly advanced and holding the bow in one hand while in the other nestles a fawn. The face has more expression than the Munich statue, (though still clinging to the old type) and the hair falls in curls or braids upon the breast.

Another statue of this god found in the ruins of the theater of Dionysus at Athens, though badly mutilated, appears to have been a work of the transition period when Greek art began to escape the bondage of the sacred type into the freedom that characterized it in the age of Pericles and thenceforward. It bears a close resemblance to the Apollos of the preceding period, but is far more vigorously conceived. The shoulders are broad, the chest powerful, the hips slender, the knees delicately moulded. The long hair is plaited in two tails which are fastened around the head and joined in front over the curls that hang upon the forehead.

It is evident that these statues are the offspring of an art which is still the handmaid of religion. They are the outgrowth of a desire to see, feel and know the mysterious one whom untaught minds cannot recognize in purer types.

Artists have not yet begun to work under the inspiration of the love of art. They are working in the gray dawn—the sun not yet risen though the heavens ablaze foretell his coming. But it was the happy fate of the Greeks to grow into a broad freedom—not more political than mental. Professor Symonds has said of them, they did not regard "their myths as a body of fixed dogma to alter which was impious. Great liberty, consequently, was secured for artists; and it may be said with truth that the Greeks arrived through Sculpture at a consciousness of their gods." This liberty it was which fostered the most prominent characteristic of a Greek—the love of the beautiful, and which gave us the

Venus de Melos, the Laocoon and the Pythian Apollo. The early Greeks fear-bound and myth-enslaved,labored to produce a god,and a grotesque man emerged from the stone. In after years when a long line of thought culminated in the pure reason of Aristotle, the humanity of Socrates and the prose poems of Plato, when poetry, terribly in earnest, put on the buskins and taught Athens upon the tragic stage the grandeur of life and the true meaning of her myths—then the artist, disregarding the strictures of the old dogmas, strove to express in marble those high qualities which he found in the still depths of his own inner life. He sought after the perfect man. He conceived of Apollo, without reference to his godship, as Homer describes him, terrible in wrath as he hastens to the aid of his hard beset Trojans, armed with the petrifying ægis, scornful of danger, the perfect hero mighty in battle, and as the base stone gives way to his sentient chisel, no god but a man steps forth, and now for the first time is the far darting Apollo apotheosized as the ideal man—the perfection of manly beauty.

But the Pythian Apollo is not the only conception of this favorite god executed in the latter periods of Greek art and known to moderns. In the Vatican a famous marble, supposed to be an indifferent copy of an Apollo of Scopas, represents the god in a long flowing robe, crowned with bay and playing upon the cithern. The figure is womanly and the conception directly opposed to the Belvidere. This is the benign Apollo, the patron of music and poetry, the enchanter of the gods. It was highly extolled by the ancients and is remarkable for the pathos of its expression, its graceful movement and disposition of its drapery.

We have a copy of an Apollo by Praxiteles in the Louvre at Paris. It is known as the Lizard Slayer, the god being represented as resting against the trunk of a tree watching a lizard as it unsuspectingly climbs into his reach. The whole aim of Praxiteles in this statue is to express the dreamy grace which is the characteristic of all his works. The god is represented as an elegant young man without drapery. The hair is bound simply with a fillet and the face is beautiful without deep spiritual expression. The body rests firmly on the right foot and the left slightly retreating gives to the figure an attitude of graceful repose. Another Apollo from the hand of Praxiteles or a close student of his art, is said to have adorned the gymnasium at Athens. Several copies are extant, the best of which is at Florence, and known as the Apollino. The figure is of a young archer leaning languidly upon his left elbow against the stem of a tree, fastened to which is his quiver filled with arrows. In the left hand is his bow, and his right arm is carelessly thrown like a dreamers back of his head. The same dreamy grace which the Lizard Slayer possesses, characterizes the Apollino, and the artist's only endeavor seems to have been to express physical beauty regardless of soul. Praxiteles is also said to have cut two groups of Latona with Apollo and Diana as infants. A monument of Peloponesian art preserved in the British Museum is the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Bassae near Phigalia in Arcadia. The subject is the battles of the Greeks with the Amazons and Centaurs, and on one slab Apollo is represented in a chariot drawn by stags and driven by Diana, furiously hastening to the assistance of his people. The fact that Apollo was the most beautiful of the gods, and that he was not a local divinity like Athene but a deity worshipped by all Greece, made him a constant subject for the artist's chisel. Although no copies have preserved them for us, yet we know from other sources that, Phidias, Scopas, Calamis, Pythagoras, Myron and Praxias exercised their skill in depicting this god; and many others of his statues are mentioned in ancient writings, but the names of their sculptors have long sunk into silence. How many,excelling in beauty and grace the Apollo of the Vatican, perished in the ravages of Persian, barbarian and Venetian or un-

der the blasphemous hammers of Christian iconoclasts, we shall never know. Perhaps, were they preserved we should find ourselves obliged to reverse many of our judgments of ancient art. The Venus de Melos was hardly remarked among the ancients. To what a hight, then, must art have been carried if this, our most precious relic, was only a lesser star in the galaxy of beauty.

ELIA.

Forty-six years ago the gentle Elia laid aside his pen, and ceased to write the words which will live in the breasts of men as long as their hearts are warm, as long as they thirst for the freshness and quaintness of the most graceful, kindest, and best of English essayists. Some one has said "he was an old writer who lived a century or two after his own time." This is well said. His silent imitation of the old writers in English literature lends an indescribable charm to his delicate essays without being in any sense an echo of their thought. It is rather an echo of their diction. Charles Lamb's life was a sad and happy one. Sad in the terrible misfortune of his family, happy in the hosts of friends he had at his command. *Command* do I say? I doubt if Elia ever *commanded* any one; requests from him were more powerful than the swords of gallant knights. Come with us, if you will, and walk through the "Old South Sea House." It is not far away. Turn with me to the first of Elia's essays, and the old House looms up, "a magnificent relic"! 'Tis a strange place. We see the picture of deceased dignitaries hung upon the walls. The long rows of buckets suspended along the halls, handy in case of a conflagration, speak well for the carefulness of the officials. But who is that standing at his desk? His hair is powdered and frizzed, but his fingers tremble It is cashier Evans, "melancholy as a gibcat"! There is another person whose "intellect is of the shallowest order; it does not reach to a saw or a proverb." It is Thomas Tane, of course, deputy under Evans. And who is he who "sets like a Lord Midas" among them? John Tipp, in truth. He is tending strictly to business now, but if we follow him to his capacious lodgings in Threadneedle street, we can hear him attacking his heartrending fiddle, and singing an accompaniment! But leave the "Old South Sea House," and climb on board the old Margate Hoy. There is the dark Spanish-complexioned passenger, who lies so skillfully and so openly.

Elia always admired him because of his fearlessness. He loved the classic halls of Oxford, and spent many of his vacations there; and who knows what wonderful romances he saw hidden in the old halls? Forms rise before him in the quadrangles, and he thinks of what he might have been, if he had not been defrauded of "the sweet food of academic institution." It is pleasant to hear Mrs. Battle's opinions on whist, too: aye, she was none of your lukewarm gamesters! It is rather heretical, perhaps, but listen and hear Elia's opinions in regard to "Grace before Meat." You must be convinced, of course, that a man can give thanks more sincerely when his hunger is satisfied, than when he is half famished. Again we hear Elia's dissertion upon "Roast Pig," or perhaps listen to his "Confessions of a Drunkard," but we must not think for an instant, that he confesses his own short comings. It is a pleasure to hear him banish "Popular Fallacies," and refreshing to listen to his praise of "Chimney Sweeps," while we lament with him over the "Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis."

Elia's essays are good at all times. We forget the age we live in, and are transported to the to the past. How finely the old actors are portrayed, how naturally they re-act their parts. There is a mine of wealth, an Eden of enjoyment in the essays of gentle Elia. I wish we could speak of all his essays and do him justice, but no volumes are waiting for us to fill. "His heart is as whole as his head," says Coleridge, and the poet's words are true.

The Undergraduate.

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EDITORIAL.

THE associate editors are sorry to note the illness of their chief; sorry because he is suffering from so unfortunate an injury, and also because it has imposed on us much unwelcome labor. His illness was the occasion of the delay in issuing this number.

WE are very glad to see again Mr. H. W. Hulbert, the chief on the editorial staff of this paper last year. He has just returned from a trip to England, where he has been for several months in the employment of Gen. Eaton, the commissioner of education at Washington. His health and physical appearance have been much improved by the trip.

IT is a source of unpleasantness to all of us that matters in college are in just the condition that they are. In a small institution like this, where the majority of the students are working hard for an education, and are most of them orderly and law-abiding, there ought to be more harmony between the faculty and students. We do not collide very often, but to say that relations are in all respects pleasant would be to make a statement that the experience of almost any day would contradict. This feeling is not abating. The old attitude of hostility assumed by the school boy and the pedagogue ought to be a thing of the past. The students have respect for individual members of the faculty and have confidence in them, but for them as a body they have not the same feeling. That there are causes for this state of things is shown by the fact that such a state exists. All that keeps some of our best students here is that they are under probation for their action last fall. If this had been removed our numbers would have been diminished before this.

Now we do not assume any dictatorial air, but we have taken note of events during our connection here and have drawn inferences and we simply ask the privilege of expressing an opinion.

We believe in discipline and would like to see more of it. Young men who will viciously throw stones and snowballs through windows simply to hear the glass rattle we have no patience with. Throwing gravel against the windows of a recitation room and cracking every pane of glass, then skulking away to get out of sight is too low for any student to stoop. Making disturbances

in devotional exercises is a serious offence. Yet all these are done continually. We believe all, faculty and students, are reasonably certain who they are. They ought, in justice to themselves, to the college, and to all concerned to be dismissed. No explanations would be needed except that they are no longer wanted. Their general conduct would justify such action.

However nearly every disciplinary action has of late simply produced a feeling of surprise and consequent uneasiness among the students. We do not wish to criticize individual cases of discipline, although we do not always understand their reasonableness. Offences of minor importance seem frequently to receive the severest penalty. The methods of discipline adopted by the faculties of our colleges are in some respects questionable and frequently result in evil rather than in good. Faculties seem to be subject to no law, so they become a law unto themselves. Their exactions are frequently arbitrary. They have power to summon students and to say to them "you must either inform us as to such and such matters or be expelled." Under such circumstances students are apt either to lie or to choose to go. We were glad to read an article not long since written by President McCosh, in which he maintained that such a course was an unwise one for a faculty to adopt. Faculties as guardians of colleges and of students in them bear peculiar relations to both, but if students intentionally destroy college property it is a civil offence the same as if they destroy any other property and they are amenable to civil laws the same as any other class of persons. If an investigation is necessary let them be brought to trial like any one else, or if their conduct merits it let them be quietly dismissed. But when faculties assume the functions of a civil tribunal the rebellious spirit in the student is at once aroused.

THE article in our communication column on "Fonetic Spelling" we are glad to see. We understand that the popular mind is averse to the position taken by the writer, and the people rule in language as well as in politics. It need not be said that our best linguists, those who have made the English langunge a life long study, are strongly in favor of a change. The writer makes some strong points. One great objection urged against a change in spelling is that we should lose our connection with the past. Old English would become unintelligible and Latin and Greek would lose all traces of relationship. If we compare Chaucer with the English of to-day we have to look sharply a good many times before it, unaided by a glossary, becomes intelligible. Also when we consider that the bulk of words of Latin origin came through the Norman French and were there twisted up, rounded off, and polished so as to obscure if not to completely conceal their relation to their parent tongue, we think this part of the objection of little account. We imagine one would look at "coy" a good many times before he would think it came from "quietus;" or at the word "deign" some time before "dignus" would suggest itself. These we consider fair examples of Latin words which passed through Norman French. How much does "alms" look like "elremosyna?" However, we grant some force to this objection, but claim that it is far overbalanced by other considerations. Language is for the masses, and it should be made as suitable as possible for them. One point not brought out with much force by the writer is the time required to learn and spell English as well as that spent in writing useless letters. If you consider the time spent in studying the spelling book and dictionary by those who try to learn to spell, and also the fewness, comparatively, of those try attempt to trace etymologies, you cannot avoid the conclusion that the superfluous time spent in learning to spell would far exceed all the extra time that would be required by the few who make philology a study. In fact we think the extra difficulties of tracing etymologies are greatly over estimated by the opponents of changed spelling.

We do not wish further to argue the question here. It is one which we feel interested in and expect sometime that it will receive more general notice from the people than it yet has.

Perhaps it is out of place for an undergraduate to express himself in this way, but we have formed an attachment for our institution and want to see it prosper, and want to see all obstructions, of whatever kind, removed. In what has been said we think we have voiced the sentiments of our leading students, many of whom have as deep interest in the future of the college as the writer We think it impossible in the nature of things for this college ever to become a large college, but it can continue to be a creditable institution and can retain a good degree of patronage. The Green Mountains on the east separate the two halves of the state so effectually that the local love for, and pride in, the college which is seen in this vicinity does not extend very much to the eastern half. If the mountains could be tunneled, Middlebury could compete with Dartmouth to a much greater advantage; Middlebury is comparatively little known in that section of the state, and has comparatively few influential friends. However much the *attaches* of this institution may regret it, and however unwelcome it may be to local annimosity, the University of Vermont stands higher with the people there than Middlebury does.

Not to continue this farther, we say let efforts be made so to manage this institution that students will be contented to stay. Let it not be necessary to keep them under probation in order to retain them, and if we are unruly and commit crimes or are unable to keep our standing as scholars up to a reasonable standard, send us off.

POLITICAL ECONOMY is the study that the Seniors are paying most attention to this term. The excellent lectures of Prof. Means, supplemented by Smith's Wealth of Nations, are all that we could ask for to enable us to get the theory of the science. We admier Smith not only for his sound ideas on political science, but also for the great number of historical facts which he gives.

How far should the style of a book influence us in our choice of reading? Ought the other good qualities of a book, its lofty sentiment, its logical soundness, etc., to be alone considered? In point of fact these are usually considered secondary to the style. Many valuable works are unfortunately written in a style that is repelling. When we get hold of one whose language is labored, and whose sentences are complicated —wheels within wheels—we soon lose our patience and throw the work aside. Probably we could well afford to untangle the expressions of some works for the good ideas contained in them, but if we consider ideas alone and follow such reading long our own style will be likely to be seriously affected. A clear and lucid mode of expression is what we should seek after,and works which will assist in acquiring this should be usually selected. Puzzles are a good thing, but should not command our attention very much. Sometimes we mistake complicated for condensed expression. They may be combined, but not necessarily or usually. When an auther sends out a work of awkward sentences he must not blame people if they accuse him of using languge to conceal thought.

We are glad that the ladies of the village,even at this late hour, have taken upon themselves to work over old clothes to keep poor children warm. Some of them will be in school long enough this term to learn the ways of other children so that they will perhaps mingle with them in their games by next term. When we meet them on the street with their red mittens, new hats and gowns, and with their mouths stretched from ear to ear, we think of the Indian who was dressed for the first time with a white shirt and a high standing collar.

REVIEWS.

SCRIBNER for March presents an interesting table of contents. The looked for paper "The Tile Club Afloat," is of great interest, and the illustrations are unusually good. It is worthy of mention that the illustrations of this article alone in this present number cost $2500. There are intensely interesting chapters of "Louisiana" and "The Grandissimes." "Cham" is as bright and sparkling as possible. The poems of the number are excellent, particularly "The lover's answer," by Ella Dietz. Bric-a-Brac has a poem by the late Erwin Russell, and Poetical Ancemties (Austin Dobson and E. C. Stedman.) Eugene Schuyler's "Peter the Great" is a grand serial, and the illustrations are obtained at a cost of $25,000. "Success with Small Fruits" will be interesting to others besides agriculturists. There are many other papers of equal excellence.

THE MARCH ATLANTIC has a very appetizing list of contents. Mr. Howells's serial, "The Undiscovered Country," grows in interest every month, and bids fair to surpass in power "The Lady of the Aroostook." Charles Dudley Warner contributes a delightful biographical and critical essay on Washington Irving, which will make readers love both Irving and Warner better. There are two excellent short stories, "Accidentally Overboard," by Horace E. Scudder, and "Hannah Dawston's Child," by Lucy Lee Pleasants. Francis H. Underwood has an engaging account of "Egypt under the Pharaohs." Richard Grant White writes of "English in England," citing numerous examples of words used incorrectly or queerly by the English, and making a curiously interesting article. There are poems by T. B. Aldrich, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, not the actress, but the author of "Deephaven," Celia Thaxter, Oscar Leighton. and Louise Chandler.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH for February is the best number that has been issued this year. First is a fine biographical sketch of Bishop Haven. "Pitcairn Island" is the most interesting paper in the magazine. The descriptions are graphic, and the subject itself is enough to excite unusual interest. The original poems are by James Berry Bensel, Ann E. Porter, Frances A. Shaw, Thomas S. Collier, M. E. B. Thorne, John Vance Cheney, and C. F. Lummis. The best poem of the lot is Mr. Bensel's "A Fancy." He is a growing writer, and a poet of fine conceptions. Mr. Collier's sonnet is hardly up to his usual excellence, shown in the Atlantic and elsewhere. The other departments of the paper are good as usual.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibili y for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

It is, as you well know, generally conceded that man derives some of his keenest pleasure from song, the song principally of the human voice. Now, if this is so, many of our students make a grievous mistake, do a grievous wrong, when they pass off for singing an imitation of beastial noises.

Every one desiring to become even an average singer, ought to seek instruction from one of his own species; and it is a notorious fact that the jackass is not a musician of any note at all. There may perhaps be certain conditions under which the bray of an ass will sound pleasing, for instance, when he is in an open field a great distance off, so that he can scarce be heard, except perhaps, by those who delight in such sounds and whose ears are adapted for their reception.

But take any jackass, biped or quadruped, trot him into either hall, ("Star" has better vibratory powers, at least it has more practice,) and though he bray there to the delight of all the jackasses in existence, it is to be feared that many of our students will be so dull as not to appreciate it.

Do not take this article for a fling at all students who sing about the buildings, for at times we hear singing to which we gratefully listen, and which makes us wish that we too could sing.

No, we know but little about singing or music in general, and in our ignorance we timidly ask, if yells of agony, shrieks of pain, basement groans, etc., etc., all jumbled together constitute an harmonious sound?

If students of the different halls wish to sing until, like the master of old, they move lifeless things, no one will object.

But oh! when you do sing or strain to sing, do it with the human voice, and we will bless you. Persist in the course that some are following now, and we will lay odds, heavy odds, that when the tightening frost leaves the ground, you'll attract more stones than Orpheus could shake his lyre at, more old shoes, boots and boot-jacks than a well developed tom cat on his benefit night.

JOB AND CO.

FONETIC SPELLING.

Editors of Undergraduate:

As we look back a hundred years and study the orthography of our great grandfathers. the terrors of the new fonetic spelling fade away into thin air and we realize that the journals of to-day which have adopted it are simply taking a longer stride in the march which all have been unconsciously taking.

It is not easy to explain why so many feel that intense affection for the silent and useless members of our language.

Of the numerous advantages to be gained by the new method, one stands out with great prominence and appeals to each individual personally.

I refer to the pleasure which one experiences in reading a letter containg no misspelled words. Even our best scholars are continually meeting words which take them from their writing, break their train of thought and subject them to the inconvenience of perusing the dictionary when so disconnected a story has few or no attractions. The great good to be derived from fonetic spelling is, of course, in the future, but it remains with the people of the day to decide how distant that future shall be. The man who first left off the K in music and in public was probably viewed askance for a time, but we look back and laugh at the clumsy spelling of his associates and give him the right hand of fellowship. The great objection to the change seems to be the loss of etymologies, but etymologists could still find their pet roots in the old books until the time when a word's etymology is of no value. This time has come to many words already as we should realize, were we to call one of our classmates a knave or a villain, and after getting up and brushing the dust from our clothing, inform him that a knave originally meant simply a lad and a villain simply a peasant. If we retain the old spelling we should retain the old meanings. This is impossible, and therefore the new method must obtain a foothold, for if the meaning can change why not the spelling? The majority of those who use the English language are not etymologists, and those who are, take advantage of the fact in only about one word in a thousand whicb meet their eyes. And to saddle the rising generation with a burden of silent and useless letters opens a field of action for the society for the prevention of cruelty to children. If intelligent men would throw aside the slight inconvenience of a change in old established notions and make the movement universal, as it is in their power to do, it would be less than a year to the time when we could spell "Philosophy" with an F and leave off the e in "hypocrite" without undergoing qualms of conscience for having indulged in a shameful waste of raw material.

In words where a change of spelling would lead to ambiguity it would be no terrible task to find a new name for one of two objects which are pronounced or spelled the same. Furthermore this finding of a new name would, to a certain extent, put an end to the habit of punning which is sapping the life blood of the present age and

swelling the bank accounts of our physicians to such an extent.

The movement has the support and co-operation of many of the leading minds of the time, and if we will use a little energy and perseverance, a year or two will find us safely over the Rubicon.

We have learned to take physic without a k and also to make the phthisic less disagreeable, and we may go still further in the good work.

We find the odor of a rose much pleasanter without "*u*" and program far more interesting without "*me*" attached to it. "Photograph," "Physic," and "Telegraph" are associated with *fees* sufficiently in this age to warrant us in dropping the *phi* of the old Greeks and the same is true of countless words which daily assail us in their hideous uniform. J. C. H.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Who says it is leap year?

J. S. M. Foote has closed his winter school at Cornwall.

The Freshmen can soon carry a cane as well as a Senior.

Prof. and Asymptoles vs. Sophomores was a warmly contested case.

Students will hereafter get their Undergraduates from the post office.

The Sophomores are reading Corinthians for their Monday morning Greek.

Prof: "Give an illustration of a Bird of Prey."
Student (timidly): "A minister!"

It is rumored that the Vermont Central railroad is soon to reduce its passenger rates.

A Freshman wants to know if there are any traces of the Pillars of Hercules remaining.

We don't believe a Freshman enquired at the library for a translation of the Acts of the Apostles.

The mysterious rattling of great stones about the recitation room windows is a matter to be investigated.

J. C. Harvey of the Junior class has been drilling a dramatic company at Whiting for a public entertainment.

"Bells of Normandy" was rendered by the Reeves Park Garden company on the 25th inst., before quite a small house.

Junior exhibition will be held on the evening of March 30th, as will be seen by reference to our calendar on the first page.

The lack of sleighing this season causes a great scarcity of wood in town, and many are becoming anxious on the subject.

Mr. Read, the dealer in gents furnishing goods, who came into town last spring, has gone to other parts where he hopes to find trade better.

Will those who have not paid their subscription to the UNDERGRADUATE please hand or send the same to J. L. Barton, the business manager.

Prof. to student who had been giving an extempore demonstration of a principle in astronomy, "Yes, Mr. H., a little of that was intelligible."

A member of the class of '83 wonders why he is continually reminded of the fact that he is a Freshman. "O wod the power some giftie ge us," &c.

It is very discouraging when we think that this is the only leap year we shall witness while in college, and this passing away without any sleighing.

C. B. Moody of the class of '77 has been in town for the past few days recruiting his health. He is just completing his studies at Hartford Theological Seminary.

Rev. Mr. Dibble of Bristol, addressed the Good Templars of Addison County at the Congregational church, on the eve of the 27th in a very able manner.

During the month of February we had some very good samples of May weather It is hinted that we *may* have some February weather two months from now.

We read in history that thrones have crumbled in a night and only ruins of their former grandeur remained; and we have been shown by actual demonstration that history will repeat itself.

A Junior who has been investigating the practical workings of concave mirrors, thinks he will invest in one, for it will set off to so much better

advantage every particular hair of his questionable moustache.

The recent slippery walks on the campus have been the means of suddenly breaking off many a chain of reasoning and causing the reasoner to forcibly feel that he is still in contact with this mundane sphere.

On a recent Sunday morning the students were agreeably surprised to find copies of the new hymn and tune book that has just been adopted by the Congregational society, in each of their seats in the church.

The difference between the college and town time, which caused so much inconvenience at the beginning of the term, is now remedied by the college adopting as its standard authority the corrected time received each morning by telegraph.

Our editor-in-chief, H. R. Dorr, had the misfortune to slip on the ice a short time since and quite severely injure his knee that he hurt nearly two years ago and which has troubled him ever since. He hopes not to be confined long with his injury.

Prof. (to student who claimed that Torrey got everything mixed up); "Why, Mr. ——, you are mixing things up worse than Torrey does!"

Student: "Well, then, I guess I'd better sit down!" (which he does amid applause from all hands and some feet.)

Student (who is reciting on Rodents): "Professor, is this the kind of Shrew that Shakespeare tamed?"

Professor: "I know that a great many accomplishments are credited to Shakespeare, but I never heard that he was a zoologist!"

Student to Junior who had appeared at recitation with a light coat, "What are you wearing your summer clothes for?" Junior; "These are not my summer clothes, they are my year clothes. Anybody might know that these yer clothes are all I've got." No. 3 comes in and says, "What are yer discussing?" Adjourned.

An organization by the name of "The V. N. R. Reading Club," of which many of the students are members, has been recently started by some of the young ladies in town. The object aimed at is a more thorough understanding of our English classic literature and a closer acquaintance with its authors. The success of the club is unquestioned.

We would like to inform the Freshmen and Sophomores thas "Northern Laborers," "Webster on Eloquence," and "Spartacus to the Gladiators" have been delivered once on the college stage within the last four years. We give this information for their own benefit, so they need not appear before the college with a declamation that has been on before within the remembrance of any present.

A spruce young drummer "on his first trip out" was expressing his views in regard to Vermont, at one of our hotels a few days ago, and made the statement that "he wouldn't live in Vermont if he should be presented with the handsomest residence within its borders." The man to whom he gave his views in regard to his tastes, turning to a gentleman who is famous for witty remarks and quick retorts, said, "What do you think about that, C.? Rather hard on Vermont, ain't it?"

"No," says C., "it rather reflects credit on the state!"

The S. Y. D. wilts.

PERSONALS.

'22. Rev. Isaac N. Sprague resides at Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y.

'22. Hon. Samuel Miller is a resident of New Haven, Conn.

'25. The address of Rev. M. Harmon is Hopkinton, Delaware county, Iowa.

'29. Rev. G. C. V. Eastman is rector of the Episcopal church, at Grand Falls, N. B.

'32. President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Illinois, we learn is in very feeble health, having been confined to his house for some time; and his friends fear that his illnesss may prove fatal. —*Cougregationalist.*

'32. Joshua Bates, late Master of the Brimmer school in Boston, has issued an able pamphlet on "Our Common Schools." It was reprinted by request from the Sunday Herald, Boston, Nov. 30, 1879.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps of Burlington, delivered the annual address before the American Bar Association, at Saratoge, August 21, 1879. The address, which was entitled "Chief Justice Marshall and the Constitutional Law of his Time," has been printed in pamphlet form by the Association at their annual proceedings.

'43. Rev. C. C. Adams has been for some time pastor of the Congregational church in Moretown, Iowa.

'46. Gov. Stewart is now in New York City. He has been elected as a delegate to the State convention to choose delegates at large for the National Convention, in Chicago.

'47. Rev. Dr. George N. Boardman has been elected president of the Illinois Associated Sons of Vermont. At their third annual banquet, which was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the evening of the 16th of January, he made a few remarks a part of which we quote in substance from the *Chronicle*:

"They were not in want of a good subject to talk about. He supposed no name of a State in the Union brought forward so clear cut and distinct an idea as that of Vermont. Vermont had a plastic hand. She made all her sons alike. And Vermont as a person had a character that could be defined. It was a State with a backbone as clear and distinct as the Green Mountain ridge. Vermont had a brain. He didn't claim that the State was perfect. There were some jails and some convicts, and on a few occasions, there was a call for a gallows, although generally, he believed, to suspend people who came from outside. Vermont had a head and wisdom, and was therefore called old. She had been called the star that never sets—certainly not the largest of the constellation, but a star that gave a clear and steady light which, if not always followed, it ought to be."

'56. At a meeting of Worcester (Mass.,) Congregational Club, held at the Bay State House, Feb. 16th, Rev. Charles Witherbee of Clinton read a paper entitled "A Catechism or Not," which elicited extended remarks from several clergymen who were present, the drift of the sentiment favoring a catechism. The essay is reported to have been able and forcibly written.

'68 Prof. E. H. Higley recently delivered an address before the school of J. N. Mallory, in Winchester, N. H.

'71. W. E. Howard is delivering a course of lectures on English History, in the vicinity of Castleton.

'73. The church in Wallingford, Conn., of which H. M. Tenney is pastor, has in conneetion with the Methodist and Baptist churches of that place, enjoyed an extensive revival. Upwards of sixty have professed conversion.

'74 T. W. Darling and wife have been in town for the past few days. Says the Middlebury *Register*. "We learn from corresdondence of the Keene (N. H.) *Sentinel* that Rev. T. W. Darling recently closed a pastorate of a year and a half in East Sullivan, N. H. The correspondent says: 'Mr. Darling was exceedingly popular and will be an acquisition to the church fortunate enough to receive him.' We are glad to hear such good reports of him. He has accepted a call from the church in Wentworth, N. H."

'76. William W. Gay has an unusually fine poem, "Reuben James," in the *Independent* of January 26th. Mr. Gay possesses marked poetical abilities, and is acquiring an enviable reputation as a poet of peculiar excellence.

'77. Newcombe H. Munsill is studying law with J. B. Phelps, Esq., of Rutland.

'79. We are glad to learn that Dugald Stewart is steadily gaining.

'79. Confusion of names is a common blunder and we find that we are not infallible in that respect. In our last issue in some unaccountable way we mixed up Charles Bramble Goodrich, who dropped out in 1877 from the class of '79, with Charles Goodrich of the class of 1834. Surely error as well as truth is eternal.

EXCHANGES.

The best thing in the Wabash is written by a Professor. The rest of the paper is as heavy as lead, with the one exception of the local department.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly presents a fine number, rather better than usual we think. "The Heroism of General Jackson" is unusually fine. "Shakespeare, the Poet of Conscience," is an article out of the usual style, and worthy of any paper "The Cid" is an article relative to Roderigo Diaz. The best article after those mentioned above, is "The Imagery of Longfellow and Tennyson."

We are glad to exchange with College Rambler. With the January number it completes its seventh volume and intends to increase its size by eight columns. The Rambler makes out a pretty clear case of plagiarism against the Illini.

The Syracusan gives us a bright number in the January issue. "Air Castles," is a good article, but we think they are a better institution, sometimes, than the writer allows them to be. "A Day among the Dutchmen," is a spicy paper The editors views in regard to college songs do not clash with ours a bit.

Madisonensis has an interesting paper contributed by Prof. N. S. Andrews on "Public Schools in England." The article is the more interesting because the writer describes what he has actually seen, and does not rely on mere written description. We like "Some Minor Characteristics of Shakespeare." "College and Town" is pretty well handled.

The Bates Student comes to us in a new dress, much handsomer than the wishy-washy color of the former garment. The inside is as good as the outside, and the opening article "Washington and Jefferson," is unusually interesting. The first stanza of "The Oak" is superior to the stanzas which follow. The Editor's Portfolio is interesting as usual, the locals being particularly excellent.

The Richmond College Messenger opens with a poem by Elaine Goodale. Another volume has been issued, by the young marvels which has won equal favor with "Apple Blossoms." Next follows a long address by one of the Professors, covering six pages, and it is to be continued. There is also an article on "Daniel Webster" which is well written. Then comes a psycological essay called "The Relation of Mutual Development to Ambition." Locals, Personals and Exchanges are good.

The Targum for January lies upon our table, and we do not hesitate to place it among the best of our exchanges if the January number is a fair sample. H. H. C., gives us a humorous poem called, "Lines From an Old Account Book," and the advice given in a closing stanza is sound. "A Student's Funeral at Heidelberg," is a paper of more than ordinary interest. "The Weather," is an article of a different character than is generally found in college papers, and the same may be said of the paper which follows—"The Influence of Dead Men." The editors rather lay for "Mr. Alumnus," and say also that "Our athletic record is not a thing to reverence." We can say the same of Middlebury athletics more is the pity!

PLUNDER.

Why don't somebody name a play "Porous Plaster?" It would be sure to draw.

The man who does not know what to think must try and think what he should know.

Prof. "Now, I ask you, as a practical miner, what spade do you think is the very best?" Third year man (scornfully) "Why the ace, of course." (Sensation).

Freshman in Algebra, while the Professor's back is turned, (in a whisper): "Say, how do you get the quantity out from the radical?" Consoling Fresh: "Rub it out!"

The other day a teacher asked an unregenerate pupil what the gender of a certain noun was. The pupil quickly replied: "I think it's neuter, sir. At any rate it's neuter-me."

A college student in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses inserted, "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back, "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

There was an old man from Trieste
Who said, "I will pull down my vest."
But his daughter said, "Papa,
The action's improper,
And I hope that you'll give us a rest."

The Dr: "Mr. X., what is the basis of the third system?"

Mr. X.: "Dunno." Classsmate in front, prompting, "Get up, Billy: it's the 'will of God.'"

Before the show-window of a picture-shop. First gamin to second: "Say, Bill, come away; don't be lookin' at them pictures of bally-dancers, or folks'll take yer for a Harvard Freshman."

Professor: Will some one give the derivation of etre? Student (promptly, yes sir. etre is derived from esse. Professor: How so sir? Student: By changing one s into t and the other into r.

Lesson in logic. Prof: "What would you say of the argument, represented by a cat chasing her tail?"

Student: "She is feline her way to a categorical conclusion."

Apropos of the holidays. A Junior much given to conundrums, asked a young lady; "Who was the poorest man in the Bible?" She lifte- her clear blue eyes to his, and triumphantly and swered, "Job's turkey."

A fellow wrote to a down town store as follows: "Dere sur, if yew hev gut a book called Daniel Webster on a bridge, please send me a copy by Pyser's express c. o. d. i want to get it termorrow, if i kin cause my spellin teacher says i oughter hev it.

"Mr. Speakah, Mr. Speakah, I rise to a pint of o'dah. Dar's de man what done it," ejaculated a member of the Arkansas Legislature, as he shook one hand frantically at the gallery and mopped his head with the other. "Dat dar cussed white man jes done spit down on the top o' my head."

Scene at Williams. Junior translating New Testament. "And the—an'—and the Lord sai—Lord said unto—unto Moses." Here he hesitated and looked appealingly at a neighbor, who being also unprepared, whispered, "Skip it." Junior going on: "And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it." General consternation ensued."

THE SUB–FRESHMAN.

His brow was sad, his cheek was wan,
But yet his tongue did rattle on
And like a murmering jews'-harp rung
The beauties of that ancient tongue,
Homeric Greek!

"Try not," the old man said, "to pass,
Thou secmest to me but an ass."
He raised his eyes, and gave a groan,
A last, long pent-up final moan,
"I've flunked!"

The Harvard Crimson has interviewed the new Chinese Professor. Among other results the following has been obtained—"Yes; me see. You say in paper, me no washee—washee—me teachee. Melican's wife sendee clothes to washee. Me heap mad—say damme." Reporter—"Shocking blunder. But, sir, how do you propose to carry on your elective, and what system of marks shall you adopt? I have here a marking machine that has been employed with great success. It is warranted to turn out minus quantities, and never to give above seventy." Professor—"Me no cathee what you speak. Me markee bully. Me askee boy (student): You likee rice? Boy say yes; he rushee no flunkee, me givee big mark. Boy say no; he deadee, no squirtee—me givee little mark."

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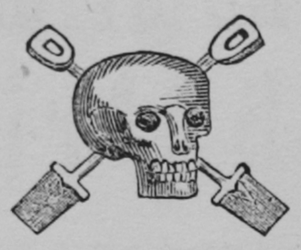

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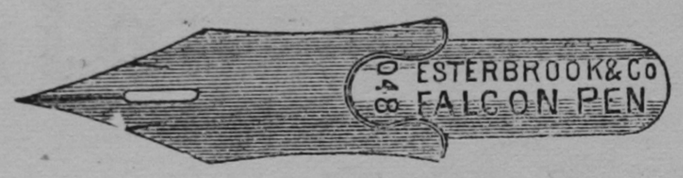

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